

# Green Mountain Freeman.

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Our Inalienable Birthrights—Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness.

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## Miscellaneous.

### 'Twas Within a Mile of Bainboro' Town.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

'Twas within a mile of Bainboro' Town,  
In the rosy time of the year,  
Sweet flowers bloom'd, and the grass was down,  
And each shepherd woo'd his dear.  
Bonny Jocky, blithe and gay,  
Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay,  
The lassie blaw'd and frowning cry'd, "No it will not do,  
I cannot, wadna, wadna, buckle to."

Jocky was a wad that never wad,  
Though long he had followed the lass;  
Contented she cam'd and eather brown bread,  
And merrily turn'd up the grass.  
Bonny Jocky, blithe and free,  
Was braidin' right merrily,  
Ye said she was a wad, wadna, cry'd "No it will not do,  
I cannot, wadna, wadna, buckle to."

But when he wad he would make her his bride,  
Tho' his rocks and his brigs were not few,  
He gave him her hand and a kiss beside,  
And wad she be forever true.  
Bonny Jocky, blithe and free,  
Was braidin' right merrily,  
Ye said she was a wad, wadna, cry'd "No it will not do,  
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### Comet Poetry.

A smart little boy in Albany is the author of the following:  
The moon was sitting in a cloud,  
Full doped in golden light,  
A hatching out the little stars,  
The children of the night.  
But out of all that brilliant brood  
Produced by Luna pale;  
There was but one poor little chick  
That could produce a tail.

### MR. GILFILL'S LOVE STORY.

Complete in Eight Numbers—No. 5.

#### CHAPTER V.

The inexorable ticking of the clock is like the throb of pain, to sensations made keen by a sickening fear. And so it is with the great clock-work of nature. Daisies and buttercups give way to the brown waving grasses, tinged with the warm red of autumn; the waving grasses are swept away, and the meadows lie like emerald-seas in the bushy hedgerows; the tawny-tipped corn begins to bow with the weight of the full ear; the reapers are bending amongst it, and it soon stands in sheaves; then, presently, the patches of yellow stubble lie side by side with streaks of dark red earth, which the plough is turning up in preparation for the new-threshed seed. And this passage from beauty to a melody, which to the happy is like the flow of a melody, measures for many a human heart the approach of foreseen anguish, seems hurrying on the moment when the shadow of dread will be followed up by the reality of despair.

How cruelly hasty that summer of 1788 seemed to Caterina! Surely the roses vanished earlier, and the berries on the mountain-ash were more impatient to reddens, and bring on the autumn, when she would be face to face with her misery, and witness Anthony giving all his gentle tones, tender words, and soft looks, to another.

Before the end of July, Captain Wybrow had written word that Lady Asher and her daughter were about to fly from the heat and gaiety of Bath to the shady quiet of their place at Farleigh, and that he was invited to join the party there. His letters implied that he was on an excellent footing with both the ladies, and gave no hint of a rival; so that Sir Christopher, who was more than usually bright and cheerful after reading them. At length, towards the close of August, came the announcement that Captain Wybrow was an accepted lover, and after much complimentary and congratulatory correspondence between the two families, it was understood that in September Lady Asher and her daughter would pay a visit to Cheverel Manor, when Beatrice would make the acquaintance of her future relatives, and all needful arrangements could be discussed. Captain Wybrow would remain at Farleigh till then, and accompany the ladies in their journey.

In the interval, every one at Cheverel Manor had something to do by way of preparing for the visitors. Sir Christopher was occupied in consultations with his steward and lawyer, and in giving orders to every one else, especially in spurring on Francisco to finish the saloon. Mr. Gilfill had the responsibility of procuring a lady's horse, Miss Asher being a great rider; Lady Cheverel had unwonted calls to make and invitations to deliver. Mr. Bates' turf, and gravel, and flower-beds were always at such a point of neatness and finish that nothing extraordinary could be done in the garden, except a little extraordinary seedling of the under-garden, and this addition Mr. Bates did not neglect.

Happily for Caterina, she too had her task to fill up the long dreary days: it was to finish a chair cushion which would complete the set of embroidered covers for the drawing-room. Lady Cheverel's year-long work, and the only note-worthy bit of furniture in the Manor. Over this embroidery she sat with cold lips and a palpitating heart, thankful that this miserable sensation throughout the daytime seemed to counteract the tendency to tears which returned with night and solitude. She was most frightened when Sir Christopher approached her. The baronet's eye was brighter and his step more elastic than ever, and it seemed to him that only the most laden or cheerful soul could be otherwise than brisk and exulting in a world where everything went so well. Dear old gentleman! he had gone through life a little flushed with the power of his will, and now his latest plan was succeeding, and Cheverel Manor would be inherited by a grand-nephew, whom he might even yet live to see a fine young fellow with at least the look of his chin. Why not? one is still young at sixty.

Sir Christopher had always something playful to say to Caterina.  
"Now, little monkey, you must be in your best voice; you're the minstrel of the Manor, you know, and he sure you have a pretty good and a new ribbon. You must not be dressed in russet, though you are a singing-bird." Or perhaps, "It is your turn to be courted next. Tina, but don't you learn any naughty proud airs. I must have Maynard let off easily."

Caterina's affection for the old baronet helped her to summon up a smile as he stroked her cheek and looked at her kindly, but that was the moment at which she felt it most difficult not to burst out crying. Lady Cheverel's conversation and presence were less trying; for her ladyship felt no more than calm satisfaction in this family event; and besides, she was further sobered by a little jealousy at Sir Christopher's anticipation of pleasure in seeing Lady Asher, cherished in his memory as a mild-eyed beauty of sixteen, with whom he had exchanged beauty before he went on his first travels. Lady Cheverel would have died rather than confess it, but she couldn't help hoping that he would be disappointed in Lady Asher, and rather ashamed of having called her so charming.

Mr. Gilfill watched Caterina through these days with mixed feelings. Her suffering went to his heart; but, even for her sake, he was glad that a love which could never come to good should be no longer fed by false hopes; and how could he help saying to himself, "Perhaps, after a while, Caterina will be tired of fretting about that cold-hearted puppy, and then..."

At length the much-expected day arrived, and the brightest of September suns was lighting up the yellow lime-trees, as about five o'clock Lady Asher's carriage drove under the portico. Caterina, seated at work in her own room, heard the rolling of the wheels, followed presently by the opening and shutting of doors, and the sound of voices in the corridors. Remembering that the dinner-hour was six, and that Lady Cheverel had desired her to be in the drawing-room early, she started up to dress, and was delighted to find herself suddenly feeling brave and strong. Curiosity to see Miss Asher—the thought that Anthony was in the house—the wish not to look unattractive, were feelings that brought some colour to her lips, and made it easy to attend to her toilette. They would ask her to sing this evening, and she would sing well. Miss Asher should not think her utterly insignificant. So she put on her grey silk gown and her cherry-coloured ribbon with as much care as if she had been herself the betrothed; not forgetting the pair of round pearl earrings which Sir Christopher had told Lady Cheverel to give her, because Tina's little ears were so pretty.

Quick as she had been, she found Sir Christopher and Lady Cheverel in the drawing-room, chatting with Mr. Gilfill, and telling him how handsome Miss Asher was, but how entirely unlike her mother—apparently resembling her father only.

"Aha!" said Sir Christopher, as he turned to look at Caterina, "what do you think of this, Maynard? Did you ever see Tina look so pretty before? Why, that little grey gown has been made out of a bit of my lady's hasn't it? It doesn't take anything much larger than a pocket-handkerchief to dress the little man key."

Lady Cheverel, too, seemed radiant in the assurance a single glance had given her of Lady Asher's inferiority, smiled approval, and Caterina was in one of those moods of self-possession and indifference which come as the ebb-tide between the struggles of passion. She retired to the piano, and busied herself with arranging her music, not at all insensible to the pleasure of being looked at with admiration the while, and thinking that, the next time the door opened, Captain Wybrow would enter, and she would speak to him quite cheerfully. But when she heard him come in, and the scent of roses floated towards her, her heart gave one great leap. She knew nothing till he was pressing her hand and saying, in the old easy way, "Well, Caterina, how do you do? You look quite blooming."

She felt her cheeks reddening with anger that he could speak and look with such perfect nonchalance. Ah! he was too deeply in love with her. But the next moment she was conscious of her folly—"as if he could show any feeling then!" This conflict of emotions stretched into a long interval the few moments that elapsed before the door opened again, and her own attention, as well as that of all the rest, was absorbed by the entrance of the two ladies.

The daughter was the more striking from the contrast she presented to her mother, a round-shouldered, middle-sized woman, who had once had the transient pink-and-white beauty of a blonde, with ill-defined features and early embonpoint. Miss Asher was tall, and gracefully though substantially formed, carrying herself with an air of unguile graciousness and confidence; her dark brown hair, untouched by powder, hanging in bushy curls round her face, and falling behind in long tresses nearly to her waist. The brilliant carmine tint of her well-rounded cheeks, and the finely-cut outline of her straight nose, produced an impression of splendid beauty, in spite of commonplace brown eyes, a narrow forehead, and thin lips. She was in mourning, and the dead black of her crêpe dress, relieved here and there by jet ornaments, gave the fullest effect to her complexion, and to the rounded whiteness of her arms, bare from the elbow. The first coup d'œil was dazzling, and as she stood looking down with a gracious smile on Caterina, whom Lady Cheverel was presenting to her, the poor little thing seemed to herself to feel, for the first time, all the force of her former dream.

"We are enchanted with your place, Sir Christopher," said Lady Asher, with a feeble kind of pomposity, which she seemed to be copying from some one else; "I'm sure your nephew must have thought Farleigh wretchedly out of order. Poor Sir John was so very careless about keeping up the house and grounds. I often talked to him about it, but he said, 'Pooh, pooh! as long as my friends find a good dinner and a good bottle of wine, they won't care about my ceilings being rather smoky. He was so very hospitable, was Sir John.'"

"I think the view of the house from the park just after we passed the bridge, particularly fine," said Miss Asher, interposing rather eagerly, as if she feared her mother might be making invidious speeches, "and the pleasure of the first glimpse was all the greater because Anthony would describe nothing to us beforehand. He would not spoil our first impressions by raising false ideas. I long to go over the house, Sir Christopher, and learn the history of all your architectural designs, which Anthony says have cost you so much time and study."

"Take care how you set an old man talking about the past, my dear," said the baronet; "I hope we shall find something pleasanter for you to do than turning over my old plans and pictures. Our friend Mr. Gilfill here has found a beautiful mare for you, and you can scour the country to your heart's content. Anthony has sent us word what a horsewoman you are."

Miss Asher turned to Mr. Gilfill with her most beaming smile, and expressed her thanks with the elaborate graciousness of a person who means to be thought charming and is sure of success.  
"Pray do not thank me," said Mr. Gilfill. "I tell you have tried the mare she has been ridden by Lady Sara Linter for the last two years; but one lady's taste may not be like another's in horses, any more than in other matters."

While this conversation was passing, Captain Wybrow was leaning against the mantelpiece contenting himself with responding from under his indolent eyelids to the glances Miss Asher was constantly directing towards him as she spoke. "She is very much in love with him," thought Caterina. But she was relieved that Anthony remained passive in his attentions. The thought, too, that he was looking paler and more languid than usual. "If he didn't love her very much—he'd sometimes thought of the past with regret, I think I could bear it all, and be glad to see Sir Christopher made happy."

During dinner there was a little incident which confirmed these thoughts. When the sweets were on the table, there was a mould of jelly just opposite Captain Wybrow, and being inclined to take some himself, he first invited Miss Asher, who coloured, and said, in rather a sharper key than usual, "Have you not learned by this time that I never take jelly?"

"Don't you?" said Captain Wybrow, whose perceptions were not acute enough for him to notice the difference of a semitone. "I should have thought you were fond of it. There was always some on the table at Farleigh, I think."

"You don't seem to take much interest in my likes and dislikes."

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When the ladies were in the drawing-room again, Lady Asher was soon deep in a statement to Lady Cheverel of her views about buying people in woollen.

"To be sure, you must have a woollen dress, because it's the law, you know; but that need hinder no one from putting linen underneath. I always used to say, 'If Sir John died to-morrow, I would bury him in his shirt; and I did. And let me advise you to do so, by Sir Christopher. He never saw Sir John, Lady Cheverel. He was a large, tall man, with a nose just like Beatrice, and so very particular about his shirts.'"

Miss Asher, meanwhile, had seated herself by Caterina, and with that smiling affability which comes to say, "I am really not at all proud, though you might expect it of me," said—

"Anthony tells me you sing very beautifully. I hope we shall hear you this evening."

"O yes," said Caterina, quietly, without smiling; "I always sing when I am wanted to sing."

"I envy you such a charming talent. Do you know, I have no ear; I cannot hum the smallest tune, and I delight in music so. Is it not unfortunate? But I shall have quite a treat while I am here; Captain Wybrow says you will give us some music every day."

"I should have thought you wouldn't care about music if you had no ear," said Caterina, becoming epigrammatic by force of grave simplicity.  
"O, I assure you, I do not; and Anthony is so fond of it; it would be so delightful if I could play and sing to him; though he says he likes me best not to sing, because it doesn't belong to his idea of me. What style of music do you like best?"

"I don't know. I like all beautiful music."

"And are you as fond of riding as of music?"

"No; I never ride. I think I should be very frightened."

"O no! indeed you would not, after a little practice. I have never been in the least timid. I think Anthony is more afraid for me than I am for myself; and since I have been riding with him, I have been obliged to be more careful, because he is so nervous about me."

Caterina made no reply; but she said to herself, "I wish she would go away, and not talk to me. She only wants me to admire her good nature, and to talk about Anthony."

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"And are you as fond of riding as of music?"

"No; I never ride. I think I should be very frightened."

"O no! indeed you would not, after a little practice. I have never been in the least timid. I think Anthony is more afraid for me than I am for myself; and since I have been riding with him, I have been obliged to be more careful, because he is so nervous about me."

Caterina made no reply; but she said to herself, "I wish she would go away, and not talk to me. She only wants me to admire her good nature, and to talk about Anthony."

Miss Asher was thinking at the same time, "This Miss Sarté seems a stupid little thing. Those musical people often are. But she is prettier than I expected; Anthony said she was not pretty."

languer, as if she feared her mother might be making invidious speeches, "and the pleasure of the first glimpse was all the greater because Anthony would describe nothing to us beforehand. He would not spoil our first impressions by raising false ideas. I long to go over the house, Sir Christopher, and learn the history of all your architectural designs, which Anthony says have cost you so much time and study."

"Take care how you set an old man talking about the past, my dear," said the baronet; "I hope we shall find something pleasanter for you to do than turning over my old plans and pictures. Our friend Mr. Gilfill here has found a beautiful mare for you, and you can scour the country to your heart's content. Anthony has sent us word what a horsewoman you are."

Miss Asher turned to Mr. Gilfill with her most beaming smile, and expressed her thanks with the elaborate graciousness of a person who means to be thought charming and is sure of success.  
"Pray do not thank me," said Mr. Gilfill. "I tell you have tried the mare she has been ridden by Lady Sara Linter for the last two years; but one lady's taste may not be like another's in horses, any more than in other matters."

While this conversation was passing, Captain Wybrow was leaning against the mantelpiece contenting himself with responding from under his indolent eyelids to the glances Miss Asher was constantly directing towards him as she spoke.

"She is very much in love with him," thought Caterina. But she was relieved that Anthony remained passive in his attentions. The thought, too, that he was looking paler and more languid than usual. "If he didn't love her very much—he'd sometimes thought of the past with regret, I think I could bear it all, and be glad to see Sir Christopher made happy."

During dinner there was a little incident which confirmed these thoughts. When the sweets were on the table, there was a mould of jelly just opposite Captain Wybrow